ISSUE 08

ULTIMATE COMICS™

THE ULTIMATES®

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RIBIC
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AN ELITE GOVERNMENT-SPONSORED META-HUMAN TASK FORCE, THEY FACE ANY AND ALL GLOBAL THREATS. LED BY GENERAL NICK FURY, THEY ARE...

ULTIMATE COMICS

THE ULTIMATES

TWO CITIES. TWO WORLDS. PART TWO

With the recent appearance of two new superhuman threats to the world—The People in Tian and Reed Richard's Children of Tomorrow in The City —S.H.I.E.L.D. and the Ultimates are doing everything they can to avert further disaster.

Desperate for support against The Children of Tomorrow, Nick Fury and the Ultimates arrived in Tian, where the leaders of The People, Xorn and Zorn, decided to send a message of peace to The City using their Oracle. Their hope to avoid further conflict was dashed when Reed Richards sent a reply message, killing the Oracle.

Now, as The Ultimates and Nick Fury brace themselves for Reed Richards' oncoming attack in Tian, S.H.I.E.L.D. has unleashed the Hulk into The City, causing massive damage and killing many of The Children of Tomorrow.

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THE CITY.
BOOOM
Catastrophic system failures in grids 5B-7D. Resultant failures mean the loss of one substation and three cribs.
All swords, all spears, all knives...
Engage the super-humantype.
Resist infection!

Children...
THNNK
Defend your City!
Hulk no infection.
HULK NO SICK.
RRK
KKK
KRRRRRP
HULK...AM... HEALTHY!
RRAARRRRRRR!

Maker! Where are you--
Recall the Children.
"I will deal with this myself."
We have been ordered to retreat. The Maker comes...
Everyone to The City.
WHY YOU FLY AWAY?
COME BACK!
FIGHT HULK!
Would you STOP?
EH?

Exactly what is it you think you're doing, Bruce?

TIAN.
Shu-tan was born a poor farmer's son. He never attended school or learned to read, but he possessed the gift of words.
When he spoke, they reverberated in your soul. Not *just* because the words were true, but because they promised something as yet unseen. A better world.
You were loved, brother.
We are all poorer now...

Only you could account what comes next.
Opdeck says that even if we throw everything off the boat, we're only going to be able to carry eight, maybe nine, thousand of The *People* out of the zone.
Sure. Assuming The Children don't engage us, as well.
Good news on that front...
Helicarrier would make a pretty nice coffin.
Then maybe we should stop the chatter and come to a decision.
Make a call, Nick.
Help him up, Sam.
Xorn, you need to quickly decide who among your People should come with us.
There will be no need for that, General.
These *animals* will not make it to Tian.
I'm sorry, sir...but you don't understand what they are capable of.
It is you who doesn't understand, Sam Wilson.
My brother is *all-consuming*...

"He will feast on these *Children.*

WASHINGTON, D.C.
THE JOINT CHIEFS.
Winter Protocols have been enacted, sir.
All firing systems have been re-routed to here...
You have complete operational command.
Any last detractors or voices of dissent?
Frankly, sir, everyone here is wondering what took so damn long.
Very well...
You have the go order.
Here you go, Charles.
You remember the sign if I need to cut things short?
I do, sir.
Okay, good.
Here we go.
Tell them I'm ready.

Mr. Speaker...
IN GOD WE TRUST
The President of the United States!

THE TRISKELION.
Nothing like true talent to cut through the boredom. And I'm sure you know this, but most people don't really understand how that works.
Take the thousand typing monkeys that make up "the competition" and you won't find a bit of style, class--or any verve at all--among them...
THIS SUCKS!
THE ULTIMATES SUCK
BEING ON THE ULTIMATES SUCK!
THE ULTIMATES SUCK!!!
If we're being honest, it's not even about the content--What you're looking for is weaponized word-making.
The razor, if you will.
Take our main protagonist.
A plebe if there ever was one. Second class and wanting for something better.
How could we have guessed that his affliction--
Oh my God--ENOUGH!

Not a fan of Mr. Dirtybottom?
Listen, Mr. Braddock! I've about had it with all of your--
Excuse me, but I detect a scent most odious. Young lady, do we need to have a talk about--
Oh, you go straight to--
Wait... I do smell...
Ohhhhhh.
Triskelion secure.
Proceed with external sweep.

STARK TOWER.
Is there anything else you need right now, Mr. Stark?
You have somewhere else you need to be?
My show's about to come on.
Today's the finale and Alexi has to choose between Rob and Dave. Rob's a single dad with a little daughter whose wife died in a car accident. Dave's a real jerk...
She's probably going to pick Rob.
To Rob! Warrior-father, protector of innocence and soon-to-be lover of Alexi.
May the world both fear and love their union.
Okay. Sure.
Make sure you let us know how it all worked out.
Will do, sir.
Uh-huh.
I don't know why you tolerate that.

There's more there than meets the eye, Thor.
Besides, what do you care?
The Earth hangs in the balance. This is no time for--
Hey...
I understand. But we've been here before.
Yes, everything may be on the line--world's end and dark days on the horizon--but it will be the few who breach the gap.
You will be there. And so will I.
Isn't that why we're building this anyhow?
You sha--
What is...
My God. Get back!
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KRSSHH!
Ultimate designates Tony Stark and Thor, Winter Protocols have been enacted by the President.
The Joint Chiefs have taken direct control of S.H.I.E.L.D. We are to detain, and deliver, you to the *Triskelion*.
Be advised, if you offer any resistance, we have been authorized to use lethal force.
Now put your hands in the air!
You have got to be kidding me.

THE CITY.
Well, go on...tell me.
I promise-- after that, we can get right back to it.
HULK WANT BETTY.
HULK SMASH CITY.
HULK GET BETTY.
Ah, I see.
You've been bought off.
So...what if I told you I could give you everything they've promised you and more?
HULK SAY...
HULK...
I would say let's talk about it.
Good.

WASHINGTON, D.C.
I have called this closed session of Congress to make each of you aware of some very serious actions I have taken within the last hour.
The first is I have suspended Posse Comitatus authorizing the military to provide, and help maintain, a peaceful response to the events of today.
Members of related intelligence committees will also recognize this as a preliminary action that will discourage certain elements within our military structure from acting out.
The second action is that I have launched a full-scale attack on The City.

They still don't understand security and data--the relationship between the two.
See...they were never going to release Ms. Ross to you. They've even moved her just to be sure.
I...
I am... HULK AM VERY--
Yes. Yes. As you should be.
But all they told you to do was cause as much damage as possible--simply drop in and wreck the place...
No goals? No objectives?
None.
Maker!
I know, City. I know...
We have targets incoming.
Recent on-the-ground intelligence of The City suggests that factoring in the potential for further growth, use of natural resources, the aggressive nature of the enemy...now is the best time to strike.
Oh. I see.
Once again, Bruce...you're being used.

At some point, you have to come to the same realization I did. Ask: where does the loyalty come from?
Romanticism? Nostalgia?
What has America ever done for you, Bruce, except try to blow you up... twice?
Twice?
To this end-- and with my, and my advisors, firm belief that this may be our best, only, chance for success--I have also authorized the use of tactical nukes.
Excuse me, Mr. President. But I was in those intelligence briefings.
When S.H.I.E.L.D. first engaged The City, a nuke was used. The Children simply absorbed the released energy.
That's correct, Senator Ralston.
Which is why we'll be using more than one.
How many?
How many did you launch?

"All of them."
TO BE CONTINUED...

AVENGERS VS X-MEN
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ROUND 1
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